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FROM THE VALLEY.

FARRISH.



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Yours Truly,
Robt Roy W. Greer Parish,

ECHOES FROM THE VALLEY.

BY

ROB ROY MCGREGOR PARRISH.
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PORTLAND, OREGON:
GEORGE H. HIMES, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.

1884.

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By R. R. McG. PARRISH.

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NOTE.

The author is well aware that he enters the literary field, laboring under great disadvantages, but conscious of having done the best he could, he presents this volume of verse to the public, respectfully dedicating it to all who may find pleasure and profit in its perusal.

PERSONAL.

Rob Roy McGregor Parrish, the ninth and youngest child of Hon. Isaac and Rachel Parrish, was born in Noble county, in the State of Ohio, January 15, 1846.

In the spring of 1854, his parents moved to Des Moines, Iowa; subsequently to Guthrie county, and later to Harrison county, of that state, where they were both buried—his mother in September, 1857, and his father in August, 1860. After the death of his parents he made his home most of the time with his brother Theodore, until in the autumn of 1863, when he went to learn the harness trade, spending two years in the village of Redfield, in Dallas county, Iowa.

In the summer of 1863, in company with his brother, John E. Parrish, he crossed the plains, arriving at Salem, Oregon, August 20th, and on the following day went to Independence, in Polk county, where he has made his home, and worked most of the time at his trade.

JULY, 1884.



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How charming the echoes
That linger around
With gladness to give us
Their welcoming sound.

How gently and softly
Each word they repeat,
And thrill us with pleasures
Of melodies sweet.





~ ECHOES FROM THE VALLEY. ~

Decoration.

Bring the flowers from your garden,
With the sweetness they will yield
As a tribute to the fallen
Noble of the battle field.

Their's was life and their's was pleasure,
Their's was kindred warm and true;
But they gave them all for country—
Gave up all for me and you.

Grandly floats our flag o'er country,
That they gave their lives to save;
But our heroes still inherit
Our remembrance in the grave.

When the lovely flowers are blooming,
In the happy months of spring,
Sweet memorial's sacred offering
We, in sorrow, thankful bring.

Brightest flowers from our dwellings,
With the fragrance they will yield—
Loving tribute to the fallen
Noble of the battle field.

Rebecca Mott.

Oh, for the language to recite
The thoughts that justice would indite;
Of a gallant lesson taught
By a woman brave, a patriot true,
Who, when the storm of conquest blew
Around her cherished home,
Did seize the bow—significant gift
Of other days—and sure as swift,
With most unerring aim to send
A fiery messenger to end
Their refuge when her foes distort
Her home into a hostile fort.

Valiant Rebecca Mott !

Oh, woman of nerve, with face so fair,
And generous heart years but declare—
 Thy deed is not forgot.
Patriot fires will burn and flame
In glory 'round thy brilliant name—
 Bright gem of the sunny South.
For home 's the castle of woman's power,
And whether a palace or cottage bower;
But woe to us all, will be the day,
When woman o'er home shall lose her sway.
Far better a home in ashes lain
Than fortress stand for tyrants reign.
 Noble Rebecca Mott !





A Mexican Idyl.

Every tingle,
Every gingle,
Of his softly chiming spur,
By its tinging,
Seems as singing,
Waking memories of her
Nimbly thumming,
Gently drumming
On the mellow-toned guitar;
By the flowing
River going
Through the valley Nolarre.

Every shadow
On the meadow,
As the clouds go drifting by,
In her dreaming,
Ever seeming,
To her earnest watchful eye,

As a token
Of the spoken
Vows of him that's now afar;
Of returning
To the yearning
Lovely maiden of Nolarre.

Lives are sadder,
Lives are gladder,
By the fortunes attending;
Day and morrow,
Joy and sorrow,
For control are e'er contending.
All are striving,
All contriving,
In life's conflict for success,
That is giving,
While we're living,
What we call our happiness.

He is happy,
She is happy,
In love's bond of joyous thought.
Every lover
Will discover
'Mong the treasures that are sought,

Greatest blessing
Worth possessing,
For the joys it will impart,
Is the gaining
And retaining
Of a true and noble heart.

Thus the tingle
And the jingle
Of the softly chiming spur,
By its tinging
Seem as singing,
Waking memories of her;
So the shadows
On the meadows,
As the clouds drift on afar,
Token seeming,
In the dreaming,
Of the maiden of Nolarre.





There's a Spot Beside the Mountain.

There's a spot beside the mountain,
Where the rippling streamlets flow,
From their bright and sparkling fountains,
Sing to me as on they go.

Life, with all its joys and pleasures,
Types of bliss more pure above,
Loses more than half its pleasure
For the heart that fails to love.

See the waters gladly meeting,
With a murmur soft and sweet,
To each other welcome greeting,
Giving as they happy meet.

Wave with wavelet dance coquetting,
'Neath the twilight, dawn or sun;
Laughing, kissing, past forgetting,
They unite their songs in one.

Leaping up to grasp the willows
That swing tempting o'er their tide,
While their restless tiny billows
Clasp the mosses at their side.

Cloud to cloud again returning,
Star to star reflecting back,
With the wind their notes are tuning—
Joy they spread along their track.

So should human hearts united,
Scatter blessings day by day,
Till their path with bliss is lighted,
By the goodness of their way.

Smile the parting, kiss the coming,
Hope the future, thank the past;
Sorrow cheering, fancy painting
With bright colors to the last.



**Oh! Why Not the Spirit of Mortal
be Proud?**

Oh, why not the spirit of mortal be proud?
For its time is so brief from cradle to shroud;
All flesh is but dust, and earth will soon have it,
But spirit returns to the power that gave it.

Both honor and wealth give a bright dazzling name,
A moment to gleam by the flashing of fame;
Though beauty and health hath a charm for the eye,
And life such a sweetness that loaths us to die.

Yet honor and wealth, are the dream of a day,
Loved beauty and health, so soon fade away,
And life of all sweetness is often bereft,
But the spirit has joys of eternity left.

Then why not the spirit of mortal be proud?
Its trials are fleet as a mid-summer cloud;
Its mission on earth has only been given
To prepare it for joys that await it in heaven.

The spirit's immortal!—that spark so divine,
Undimmed through the future, forever shall shine;
The flesh may moulder to dust 'neath the sod,
But the spirit, enraptured, returns unto God.



Advertising.

“Times are hard and business dull,”

A merchant murmurs 'twixt his sighs.
Says bustling pluck, of business full,
“Well, sir, why dont you advertise?”

Brush up your counters, dust your goods,
Take people by surprise;
For printer's ink some ducats spare—
Wake up, be shrewd and advertise.

'Tis but a simple business rule,
That people see with half shut eyes;
It seldom pays to act the fool,
Or cease your goods to advertise.

The business men about the town
Are witty, wealthy, good and wise;
They realize that thus they've grown,
By knowing how to advertise.

When sales are light and trade would lull,
If to your store new life you'd bring,
Just watch your Ps and Qs, then pull
With shrewdness, advertisement's string.

Lucy Webb Hayes.

Honor to the woman that dared to do
The right with a will, albeit she knew
She stept in some untrod ways;
Who banished the demon of crime and care
From the White House tables while she was there.
And all who would her festivities share,
Must from the tempting poisonous cup forbear,
That dined with Lucy Webb Hayes.

How few are the spirits that dare to clasp
Such a custom thus with reformer's grasp,
While the world was looking on!
But command she gave, and the act displays—
To a wondering world that astonished gaze—
Some taunting out jeers, some shouting out praise—
As beholding the dauntless Lucy Webb Hayes,
A triumph for right well won.

'Twas a noble deed, it was nobly done,
And millions will cast their blessings upon
 That fiat through future days.
Oh, that more of our women did but have
Such moral courage, like this heroine brave!
Their perishing brothers thus to save
From wretched life and a drunkard's grave,
 Like the Christian Lucy Webb Hayes.

Then honor to the woman that dared to do
The right with a will, albeit she knew
 She stepped in untrod ways.
Honor to Godiva, the generous one;
Honor to Lucretia, the dutiful one,
Honor to Joanna, the patriot one,
Honor to fair Esther, the beautiful one,
 And honor to Lucy Webb Hayes.





Oh! Who is There That Can Tell?

Oh, who is there that can foretell
What morrow's morn may bring?
How many hearts with sorrow swell—
How many happy sing?

The purest pleasures that can bless
May perish and be flown;
The dearest treasures we possess
Some other one may own!

The friends that we delight to greet
Before the starlight goes,
By fortune may be changed, and meet
Us as our deadly foes.

The sun that shines so warm and bright
May thunder-bolts unbind;
The zephyrs now so soft and light,
May ruin soul and kind.

The seas that now so gently comb,
While tides flow on so mild,
May bear destruction in its foam,
With fury fierce and wild.

There's nought of earth that can endure
Time's searing, scorching breath ;
And mortals here are only sure
Of one thing—that is death.

Prescott's Address.

Patriots, now at duty's call,
Heroes stand or heroes fall,
Swear by heaven, once for all,
Our country shall be free !

Charleston's flames now paint the skies,
Friends behold with eager eyes,
Prayers from kindred hearts arise—
That God defend the just !

By the friends we love to greet,
By the hopes of life so sweet,
By the hearts that within us beat—
Then let us do or die !

See the ranks of hostile bands;
Pigot leads and Howe commands;
Welcome them with bloody hands—
Now to a soldier's grave!

Nerve your arm and bear your breast—
Better calm and peaceful rest
'Neath the sod than life opprest
By remorseless tyrant!

Die we will if die we must,
Battling for that sacred trust,
Shielding from their cruel lust,
Loved homes, more dear than life.

War to the knife, since peace has flown,
Knife to hilt and hilt to bone;
Flesh may bleed and spirit groan,
But freedom still shall live!

Freemen, strike! let despots feel
Liberty's strong avenging steel—
Nobler 'tis to die than kneel
A servile conquered slave!





Babylon.

They tell me that some sterile mounds,
By herds now over run,
Were once thy temples and thy walls,
Proud fallen Babylon.

They tell me that the wild bird sings
Beside thy gleaming waves,
Where once with harp of broken strings,
Mourned fair Judean slaves.

They tell me that thy marshy plains
Oft echoed to the tramp
Of Persian, Roman, Syrian hosts—
Were Alexander's camp.

But worse than all, to me they tell
Those who thy streets then trod,
Bowed down and worshipped cruel bell,
And scoffed the living God.

Thy ruins are more desolate
And terrible than they
Who fell the victims of thy strength—
Became thy spoil and prey.

The hissing serpent, buzzing bat,
The stupid, hooting owl,
Join in the chorus of thy fate,
With jackall's midnight howl.

Thy brick-ribbed hillocks seem to be
Dumb monuments of crime,
Displaying God's unerring wrath
Along the path of time.





Business Rule.

Some person which,
When you are rich,
Your presence will endure,
Will quickly make
Your optics ache
By snubbing you when poor.

Friends that follows
Dimes and dollars,
Should not be always heeded;
Events have shown
They're often gone,
When they the most are needed.

'Tis well to know
Before you show
Your favors unto many;
The ones to you
That will be true
When you have not a penny.

The motto is,
In things of "biz,"
Your head keep cool and level;
Your favors send
To help a friend—
Help others to the devil.

We Mourn in Silence.

We mourn in silence o'er the form
Of those that's gone before us;
For well we know that passion storm
Their life will not restore us.

The pains of life for them are past,
No more to e'er return,
And heavenly joys are their's at last,
For which we vainly yearn.

Although affection's tender chords
Thrill for each going one,
We find sweet comforts in the words:
"Thy will, O God, be done."



Do Not Strike a Fallen Brother.

Do not strike a fallen brother,
Help him up when e're you can;
Let him feel though he is erring,
He's a brother and a man.

If your brother weary stumbles,
Help him to arise again;
Do not kick him for his falling,
Add no insult to his pain.

You yourself will sometimes blunder,
Slip or tript by quick surprise,
Make yourself unenvied object
Of both friend and foeman's eyes.

Fault should be as little guide-boards,
By the road we travel on,
Pointing out direction for us,
To the goal that should be won.

G. D. Baker.

In days of dread, when the cannon's breath,
By treason's hand so foully sped,
Spread o'er our land its wings of death,
And many a gallant patriot bled.

From hall to tent, from tent to field,
His loyal heart with ardor burning,
He brought the power he could wield,
And spirit that was treason spurning.

His voice that eloquence could warm
In hall or by slain Broderick's bier,
Was heard above the battle storm,
His fading gallant ranks to cheer.

Brave Baker, who defiant stood,
Amid that melting leaden rain,
Sealed his devotion with his blood,
Our nation's honor to maintain.

The foster heir of freedom won
On fatal field undying fame,
While many a proud and haughty son
Still lives to bear a traitor's shame.



Willamette.

Where the snowy Cascade mountains
Rise to greet the coming day,
Where the sparkling crystal fountains,
Ever hold their ceaseless play,

Where beneath the graceful firwood,
With its foliage deep and strong,
We can hear at morn the wild birds
As they sing their matin song.

Where the clouds again returning
With their burthen from the deep,
To the desert waste are wand'ring,
Yield the treasures they would keep.

Where the streamlet's merry waters
Gladly leap to lake below,
At the sun, in joyous laughter,
Back their rainbow kisses throw

Where the thunder's mighty chorus
Echoes on from rock to rock,
And the ledge, with sound sonorous,
Rifted is by sullen shock.

Where the moon her silv'ry glances
Through the rock-ribbed canyon sends,
Nature's sublime charm enhances
With the beauty that she lends.

Where the stars in magic splendor
Burst upon the midnight scene,
And the winds, in mood so tender,
Come to tell where they have been.

Where dame Fortune, ever jealous
Of her wealth so vast untold,
Buries deep her hidden treasures—
Silver, gems and shining gold.

When the summer skies were brightest,
O'er that favored spot of earth,
Nature's cares were few and lightest,
Bright Willamette had its birth.





Hail to Thee, Victoria!

Hail to thee, Victoria!

Empress of the Indias,
Proud Great Britain's gentle queen,
Who now sways thy royal scepter,
With such mild, impartial mein,
Till throughout thy vast dominion,
Where the sun-light 's ever seen,
Loyal hearts leap up and shout—
“God bless you, our gracious queen!”
Noble Victoria!

Honor to thee, Victoria!

To the worthy life you live;
Through it all your loving heart,
Faithful wife and mother, has
Constant borne an honored part.
All thy royal joys and sorrow
To our feeling hearts attest,
That the guiding thoughts of love
Reign triumphant in thy breast.
Womanly Victoria! —

Peace to thee, Victoria!

May the sunset of thy life,
Like harmonious tinted eve,
Lighting up the close of day,
Somber shades of time relieve.

Promise of the Prince of Peace,
Soothe thy spirit to its rest.

King and crown thy coming wait,
In that kingdom of the blest.

Christian Victoria!





To the Lily.

Welcome, Lily, lovely princess,

Fairest daughter of the spring,
How our hearts are eager waiting
For the happiness you bring.

Morning lark foretold your coming,
With their notes of matin song;
Now I find you brightly blooming
Here amid your flow'ry throng

That are clustering closely 'round thee,
Like fond courtiers of delights,
Keeping watch and guard around thee,
As thy retinue of knights.

Each is bearing high his banner,
Ever ready, quick to rally,
In a true and loyal manner,
For the Lily of the valley.

Welcome, Lily of the valley,
Thou beauteous queen of peace,
Sweet contentment is your ally,
May your visits never cease.

LaFayette.

A smile and a tear for the noble and great,
That rose like a star 'mid the tempest of night,
To shine with such luster, by action create
In the heart of the world, a love for the right.

A smile for his joys, for his sorrows regret,
As over his life so varied we glance;
No star in its beauty more grandly shone, yet
In all of thy history, fair land of France.

A smile of delight, a warm thankful tear,
Is the tribute we give on gratitude's debt;
The name of no alien to us is so dear
Or near to our hearts as thine, LaFayette.

Where worth wreathes laurels in garlands of fame,
And honors in clusters of glory shall set,
With few that are blest and cherished in name,
Is liberty-loving, and loved LaFayette.

Garfield.

Furled is our banner and muffled our drums,
So mournful the dirge that falls on our ear,
For a nation united in anguish now comes
To gather around a President's bier.

How sad, when peace and plenty have spread
Their gifts o'er our bright and beautiful land,
That Garfield, the choice of Columbia, lies dead,
Struck down by a base and dastardly hand !

But "God still reigns," though the brave martyr dies,
And his death but closer knits together,
With stronger, purer, truer, nobler ties,
All our northern and our southern brothers.

From o'er the ocean's restless waves we hear
Those words of soothing sympathy that bind
With chords of sacred tenderness more near
The kindred brotherhood of all mankind.

Rest in peace, illustrious dead,
Good prov'd thy works, however tried;
Of thee these truths are justly said :
"A patriot lived, a Christian died."



Mount Jefferson.

Hail to thee, majestic mountain!
Clad in snows eternal white,
Nature, like a sportive fountain,
Threw thee up in grand delight.

Limpid streams of crystal water,
From thy presence laughing spring
Through the canyons, woodland, meadows,
Health and pleasure sparkling bring.

There the sunlight longest lingers,
O'er thy crest of ermine snow,
Lighting farewell parting glances
With warmer passion ere he goes.

After parting, westward speeding,
Ever chasing shades of night,
Makes the clouds his royal valets,
Bear a message to thy sight.

Rich, in golden brightness burning,
Kind, with crimson's light of love;
Strong, expressed by royal purple,
To remind he still must rove.

Then, like modest maiden blushing,
'Neath an earnest loving gaze,
All thy sweetly changing colors,
Such a charming sight displays.

Till the evening stars are twinkling
In the heaven their silv'ry light,
And the winds before retiring,
Kindly whisper thee, "Good night."





'T is Sweet Upon a Pleasant Day.

'T is sweet upon a pleasant day,
In the early month of spring,
To ramble through the woods away,
And listen to the wild birds sing;

To pluck the fragrant, blooming flowers,
To gather mosses bright and green;
To cull the hardy winter plant—
Rejoice in each new beauty seen.

The birds, springs, heralds of swift flight,
The swelling buds, the flow'rets fair,
Woos all my senses with delight,
And charm me with their magic there.

The clust'ring mosses growing on
Some fallen old decaying tree,
Like thoughts of friends now dead and gone,
As ever fresh and fair to me.

Like friendships, constant, firm and true,
That fortune's frown can not destroy,
The winter plant, so green to view,
Waves in the wind its welcome joy.

The golden sunshine, singing birds,
The plant, the moss, the blooming flowers,
The flitting shadows of the grove—
All tell us of a subtle power.

Joyous thrills of tender passion,
The fleeting jealous doubts that rove,
The constant heart, the clinging hope,
Are emblems of life's cherished love.





Finding of Moses.

Where lilies lave
In limpid wave,
And lotus 'neath the sunbeams smile,
Sweet Merris comes,
'Mid their perfume,
To sport and bathe in placid Nile.
Her maids of honor
Attend upon her,
Delighted to her wish fulfill;
They laugh and sing,
And ever bring,
Enjoyment with them when they will.

There gently rocks,
Without rude shocks,
The wavelets in their mild endeavor,
To kindly keep
The child asleep,
On bosom of that mighty river,

Until they part
As they disport,
The happy flags and winds reveal,
In arch surprise,
To wond'ring eyes
Of Merriis, trust they would conceal.

Some curious gift,
Thus sent adrift,
So lightly, and to safely float.
“Go, haste and bring
So strange a thing—
I wish to see the little boat.”
A waiting maid
Her words obeyed,
And quickly to the pebbly shore,
With steps of grace,
And pride-lit face,
The rush-built ark to princess bore.

With care the lid
Was lift that hid
The infant from the sun's hot rays.
But who can tell
The thoughts that dwell
Within their minds as there they gaze?

Amazed, o'er come,
With wonder dumb,
Till woman's heart itself discloses,
For as the child
Looked up and smiled,—
She stooped, she kissed and called him Moses.

Childhood's Death.

As blends the night into the day,
When radiant, beaming morn comes on,
And from our view dim fade away,
Bright shining little stars have gone,

So childhood's death forever seen,
Transition's flight to that fair clime,
We cherish in our loving dreams,
Beyond the troubled stream of time.

They still live on, they are not lost;
Regrets for them but feed our pain.
When we the stream of time have crost,
We'll happy see them all again.

Jackson's Address.

Heirs of Freedom, arise in your honor,
Asserting the manhood so proudly your boast,
By the might of the right, the prowess of valor,
Crush foes that remorseless now ravish your coast.

Dear to the ear is the din and the rattle,
When Liberty's legions are mustered to war,
Till the friends of oppression have perished in battle,
Or fugitives flee in fear from thy shore.

With patriot spirit and carnage-stained hand,
From their pride-built power usurpers cast down.
Show the world that no despot can reign in this land—
That Freedom disdainfully treads on a crown.

Death to the tyrant that dare desecrate
Sweet Liberty's temple, the shrine of the brave—
The death of a dastard be ever his fate—
His blood to the sand and his form to the grave!

Our hearts beat a welcome, beholding them come;
Proud Tyranny's hosts with scorn we defy;
For, in death at their front, or with loved ones at home,
As freemen we'll live, or as freemen we'll die.

Dear Friend, Remember.

Dear friend, though sorrow's tears have flown
From thy bright eyes, and thou hast known
That bitter anguish loving hearts
Feel, when some honored friend departs;
Though fortune's smiles have turned to frowns,
Thy present cares past pleasures drown,
And clouds life's morn with sorrow's shade,
Sad shatter of affection made—
Remember, He who rules above
Will hear and answer prayers of love.

Remember that a cloudless sky
Was never seen by mortal eye—
Some mist that 's floating on through space,
The brilliant sunshine will deface;
But soon 'tis past, and then returns
That joy for which all nature yearns.
Thus so it is with mortal grief:
'Tis transient, and ere long relief,
With its sweet charm, will bring again
Life's joys that follow in its train;
And as the bird at coming spring,
All hearts new blest will happy sing.

The rose-buds oft, by cruel frost,
Are nipped—their fragrance is not lost—
Warm, genial sun and soft south wind
The pinioned petals will unbind,
Whose beauty captivates the sight,
And woos our senses with sweet delight.

Clouds of to-day bring bright to-morrow;
Life nobler grows through youthful sorrow,
When consecrated by a tear,
And hallowed thoughts of those that's dear.

Let pleasant words thy time beguile;
Let hope's bright dreams and visions smile
Away thy troubles and thy cares—
Thy future tint in colors fair—
Till wrapped in joys that life possess,
You happy live and living bless.





Hail thou Worthy Heirs of Freedom!

Hail thou worthy heirs of Freedom!
That with joyous steps advance,
In the onward march of progress—
Hail to thee, La Bella France!

All our hearts are fondly thrilling
With a gladness, when we see
Such a brave and noble people
Crowning lovely Liberty.

Fair Columbia sends thee greeting;
Ah! she never will forget
How much she owes in gratitude
Unto France, and LaFayette.

By the sacred ties that bind you
To your honor and your life,
Crush the scorpion of sedition
That would sting you into strife.

Gentle Peace must dwell among you,
And bind you to each other;
Every Frenchman should be freeman,
Every Frenchman is your brother.

Ye are freeman; now, as patriots,
To your trusts be ever true,
And your friends will proudly hail thee,
While the world will honor you.

The Apple Trees are Blooming.

Now the apple trees are blooming—
The aroma of their bloom
Is like loving spirits coming,
Hallow'd, coming to my room.

Bringing sweet ambrosial odors,
That are redolent of spring,
Charming nature with their fragrance,
With the sweetness that they bring.

With aroma so elysian—
With their power mild but strong,
Till my soul is wooed to rapture,
To the rapture of a song.

Till the birds I do not envy,
In their happy choral strife,
For my soul is warmed by gladness,
To the ecstasies of life.

As their odor greets my senses,
As their beauty charms my sight,
Comes a feeling—life 's a blessing,
And existence is delight.

Little Nell.

Down beneath the waving willow,
Standing by the mossy well,
In the moonlight soft and mellow,
There I met my little Nell.

She 's the brightest and the fairest
That my eyes did ever scan.
Gave to me her love, the purest
That were ere bestown on man.

Years have passed, and still the willow
Grows beside the mossy well;
Falls the moonlight soft and mellow;
True the love of gentle Nell.

That 's my Mecca, yonder willow,
Growing by the mossy well.
When the moonlight's soft and mellow,
There I lead my loving Nell.

Mother's Memory.

On the gilded dome of memory,
In rose-tinted letters wove
By the touch of pure affection,
Are the words, "A mother's love."
Ah, no other words are like them,
And no words so dear can be,
As the name I love and honor—
Mother—precious name to me.

No, I've not forgotten mother,
For amid life's joys and cares,
Linger still in sweet remembrance,
All her evening hymns and prayers;
While her kind and gentle counsel,
And the songs she used to sing,
Are like dew on blooming flowers,
Brilliant gems on life's sweet spring.

When the present is all dreary,
As the past my thoughts retrace,
Softly comes that lovely vision
Of her bright angelic face.
By its presence always with me,
Wheresoever I may rove,
Comes the power that sustains me,
In the strength of mother's love.

Hast Thou Some Talents?

Hast thou received some talents
In thy keeping from the Lord?
How many hast thou added
Them, thy duty to record?

Remember, buried talents
Bring no profit to the Lord;
But censure's condemnation
To the steward when returned.

Let not that be thy sentence,
When the Master comes again:
"Depart! unworthy servant,
I'll no longer you retain."

This be thy welcome plaudit:
“For thy vigilance displayed,
Since thou o’er few are watchful,
Thou o’er much art ruler made.”

Trout Fishing.

I like upon a pleasant day,
All business cares to flout,
To hasten from the town away,
And fly the streams for trout.

I like to see the sunlit wave
Of water swiftly flowing,
O’er pebbly shallows, brightly lave
The grassy banks, and showing

A whirling eddy, well defined
To view,—beyond all doubt
A pool where you are sure to find
The gameful speckled trout.

Yes, of all the sports that are so fine,
There’s none but what I’d scout,
To take my rod and hook and line,
And fly a stream for trout.



John Paul Jones.

Wreathe a chaplet to the mem'ry
Of a warrior of the wave,
Who, dauntless and intrepid,
Won a peace among the brave.

He roamed the trackless ocean,
Like a favored Neptune lord.
His truest friends the compass
And his own good trusty sword.

He espoused the cause of freedom—
He, and all his valiant men,
When the war-clouds hung the darkest,
Scourged the Lion in his den.

For he revelled in the battle,
And amidst the cannon's roar
He raised the shout of victory
That was heard from shore to shore.

He 'd a heart to dare and conquer,
And his feats fore'er enthrone
In the hearts of grateful people,
The name of John Paul Jones.

Then a chaplet for this hero,
As a tribute to the name
Of this one, so brave and gallant,
And so worthy of his fame.

Wither! Yes, they will Wither.

Wither! yes, they will wither;
It is so with all delight,
If gathered in the morning,
They will perish ere the night.

But, then, I think for mortals
It 's by far the better plan,
To gather passing pleasures
And enjoy them when they can.

Though flowers soon are wilted,
I am sure that you will find
That they have left, while wilting,
Some fragrance still behind.

'Tis so of joys that over
From memory still we win,
Some sweet and pure reflection
Of the pleasures that have been.

Hope, Sweet Solace.

Hope, sweet solace for all sorrow,
Drives our grim despair away;
Brightly gilding dawn of 'morrow,
Rosy sunset gives to-day.

Pouring forth its joyous gladness,
For our weary, troubled soul,
Tempering every thought of sadness
That our being would control.

Why should person ever worry
Over troubles ere they come?
Many pleasures thus they bury,
In foreboding's dreary gloom.

Then away with all forboding,
Give to mirth the rein awhile;
Stop your spirit from corroding,
Light your face with cheerful smile.

There 's a Blessing in my Heart.

There 's a blessing in my heart,
For thee, love.

Wherever I may go,
A mystic charm where thou art,
For me, love,
The world can never know.

As the days glide swiftly by,
My first love,
On time's remorseless stream,
I can not repress a sigh,
My own love,
For a broken, fading dream.

And I only wish that you,
Loved love,
When future years shall come,
Will believe my love was true,
My lost love,
And think of me when gone.





Farewell.

Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour
Of sunset returning, with clouds all aglow,
Remember through life there's mystical power
That still binds me to you wherever I go.

Forget thee? indeed, I never can do so—
Stilled by my pulse ere I ever should try;
Forget thy bright smiles—thy kind words!—ah no;
I'll cherish and love them through life till I die.

The harp that is touched by fingers of skill,
Pours forth its rich volume till each bosom thrills
With its measure; yet sever a chord, just break one,
The rest may be sounded, but harmony's gone.

So with the life that would eagerly fill
The noblest honors to which mortals aspire,
The moment you crush its ambition you will
Leave a sad wreck; though I always do admire

The grandeur of nature, and beauty of art;
Am wooed to delight by music's sweet strains;
A chord in my being is broken, my heart
Can never respond to affection again.

I know that in life there are duties as many
As lights in the welkin of glittering stars;
They jeer at wounds only, if there are any
Who out of the conflict carry no scars.

O'er our meetings together fond fancy will brood,
And their memories sweet all my future shall cast,
For the words that you spoke, like songs of childhood,
Are echoing still amid the thoughts of the past.

Vain are the efforts to suppress but a sigh,
For up from the depths of the fountain will spring
The dews of affection that moistens the eye,
When I think of the past and what might have been.

Then, farewell ! when ever you welcome the hour
Of sunset returning with clouds all aglow,
Remember, through life there 's a mystical power
That still binds me to you wherever I go.





Oh, Sorrow, thou Serene and Pure.

O Sorrow, thou serene and pure,
Strange beauty in all lives you make;
Thy shades are weird as those we see
By moonlight on the troubled lake.

The moon but loans a borrowed light,
It can not give a light its own;
So charms of sorrow are at best
Reflected from those joys that 's gone.

And as the wave on troubled lake,
With shadows rise and fall away,
Moonshone until they brightly flow
Beneath the flaming orb of day.

Thus mortals all from pleasures past
Draw back bright thoughts of coming bliss,
That light their dreams of future life,
When tyrant Death has ended this.

Glorious Hope, man's richest gift,
Gilds the future we inherit.
"Earth to earth," that solemn mandate,
Was not written of the spirit.

The Daisy.

Dear little flower that early blooms
Beside the southward wall,
Delightful messenger, you come
To cheer and bless us all.

Most gladsome welcome do I give,
Thou favored flower of song;
Sweet hope, and innocence, long live
To triumph over wrong.

'T was gentle hands that planted thee—
Alas! she is not here
Thy blooming beauty now to see,
And smiling, feel thy cheer.

But still bloom on, and ever be
Thy sentiments so sweet,
Diffused to all that chance to see
Thee by the busy street.

I thank the one that planted thee
Beside the southward wall;
Thy presence there does unto me
Her goodness now recall.

If all of us would kindly strow
Along the path of life,
Some deed or flowers that will grow
To calm and soothe its strife,

How happier, far, would be mankind,
For such a service done;
Our names with fragrance it would bind
To them when we are gone.

Then brightly bloom, sweet little flower,
Your presence here does cheer
Our hearts with truth's majestic power—
I am glad to see you here.





Fill the Vases with Beautiful Flowers.

Fill the vases with beautiful flowers,
The brightest and loveliest to thee;
When wooed by their odor and powers,
Let them be a remembrance of me.

So silent and so freely they give
To the world all their wealth of perfume,
That their fragrance continues to live
When withered and faded their bloom.

It is thus with a true loving heart,
Though unseen, still its power is felt,
And death only the idol will part
From the temple where once it has dwelt.

Then fill up the vases with flowers
That are fragrant and pleasing to see,
When their joy lends wings to the hour,
Let there be a remembrance of me.



Tell me not that Love is Transient.

Tell me not that love is transient,
That it wings a hasty flight,
Only touching for a moment
Life with fond and sweet delight.

Fancy 't is that 's evanescent,
Tinting with its magic powers,
All the present and the future
Of these varied lives of ours.

Love is fervent, love is constant,
Love 's the same in every heart.
Joy will brighten, sorrow cloud it,
But love never will depart.





'T is Sweet to be Remembered.

'T is sweet to be remembered
By those we've learned to love;
To feel their thoughts are with us
Wherever we may rove.

To know that we, as mortals,
Ethereal bliss may share;
Indulge in dreams of pleasure,
'Mid a life of busy care.

To think that when they 're kneeling,
With hearts employed in prayer,
In kindness we 're remembered,
And our name is mentioned there.



The Pure in Heart.

When Vice her tawdry colors flaunt,
Sweet Virtue hides her face;
She will not brook the idle taunt
That follows vain disgrace.

Dear lovely girl, life's noble part
Is found the path you trod,
For Jesus saith, the pure in heart
Shall see and reign with God.

Why to the Buried Past Complain?

Why to the buried past complain?
With it let all regrets be buried.
I would not live it o'er again,
For I am to the present married.

I love the present, for from out
Her ever active, fruitful womb
Is born strong hope that kills the doubt
Who would like thieving robber come.

To steal from us our wealth of joy,
And leave us but the garb of gloom,

The bliss of love with blight destroy,
Make trusting hearts a living tomb.

Past, doubt, all gone! I 'm glad 't is said,
No tears for them will I be giving.
All past and doubt leave with the dead—
Hope and the present to the living.

Dear is the Thought.

Dear the thought that when we part,
A blessing springs up from the heart;
And memory fondly holds in store
Our kindly parting at the door.

Bright is the dream, that while we live
Thy lovely face will smiling give
A pathos to the hopes that dwell
Delighted in that word, farewell.

What other friend, to thee so true?
Can be so dear to me as you?
Although our parting gives us pain,
Its balm is this, we 'll meet again.



Life has many Joys and Pleasures.

Life has many joys and pleasures,
And as 'long its path we move,
If we 'd glean its richest treasures,
We must learn to live and love.

What a sad and mournful journey
For the hearts that never give
From their garnered wealth of feeling,
Joy to those that 'round them live.

Brightest sunshine will some shadows
Cross our pathway often fall;
But their gloom is only transient—
Hope and love were made for all.



Down Beneath the Maple Growing.

Down beneath the maple growing,
Close beside the limpid stream,
Listening to the water flowing,
I would loiter, I would dream.

Dream of dark eyes calmly flashing
With the flame of amorous fire—
All the world's ambition dashing
Into naught with fond desire.

Rainbow-tinted hopes of future,
Bright and fair they promise seem;
High resolve the bosom nurture
In the bliss of love's sweet dream,

Pleasant breeze is softly blowing—
From the spot my soul would rove,
Through the realms of fancy going,
Filled with music of thy love.

There 's one sure lesson life is giving,
And sad experience will prove
They exist, but are not living,
Who are destitute of love.

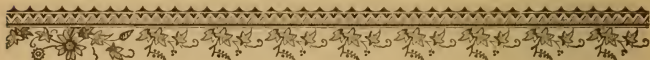


Imogene.

Imogene! Imogene!
Oh thou my beautiful Imogene,
I can not work, I can not play,
My thoughts forever drift away
To thee, my beautiful Imogene.

Imogene! Imogene!
My sweet and amiable Imogene;
I can not laugh, I can not sing,
But faintest sounds will echoes bring
Of happy hours with thee, Imogene.

Imogene! Imogene!
My pure and loving Imogene—
Go where thou wilt, where ere thou art,
A constant courtier goes my heart
Contented with thee, loved Imogene.



Hail, Masonry.

Hail, Masonry, whose blessed light
 Illumes the shores of time,
Diffusing, by thy mystic night,
 Thy virtues so sublime.

Thy sacred power 's ever felt
 By those whose feet have trod
Thy path of peace, and humbly knelt
 With confidence in God.

O, glorious Light, forever shine,
 And let thy rays impart
Thy virtues, noble and divine,
 In every brother's heart.





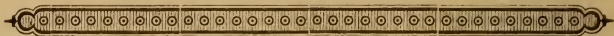
When Life and Its Duties are Over.

When life and its duties are over,
Will kind friends lovingly come
To water the flowers that cover,
And fragrant render my tomb?

Will lips that now smile at my coming,
And eyes that sparkle with joy,
Give a tear, a prayer for the missing,
A sigh for one moment employ?

Will the dawn of eternity's morning
Bring eternity's joys for me?
Shall I with the ransomed millions,
The face of my Savior see?





I Told You that I Loved You.

I told you that I loved you;
Ah, those words were but the knell
Of the passion wildly ringing
In my bosom when they fell.

As a bell that joyous chiming
In the coming of the year,
By the frigid air is broken,
When its notes are loud and clear—

So my soul was all a passion,
Thrilling love my heart did swell;
But your cold disdain has froze it,
And those words were but the knell.



Silent Sleeping.

Silent sleeping 'neath the weeping
Summer twilight's pitying tears,
Waiting coming Judgment morning,
Lie those Christian pioneers.

Every hour's magic powers
Gives sweet beauty to their name;
Grateful wreathing in, and breathing
Out, their death in honored fame.

Every ringing, bell is singing,
Softly on each Sabbath morn;
Ever telling as it 's swelling
Notes are on the breezes borne.

How, from ocean unto ocean,
Hearts in sympathy will swell!
When related is the fated
Story how the Whitmans fell.

How the gleaming knife was streaming
With its crimson tide of woe;
Vain appealing, but revealing
Nature of the vip'rous foe!

Maiden, breaking hearted, making
Supplication for relief,
Ere the morrow learns more sorrow,
Heavier burthen makes her grief.

As the burning flames were turning
All to desolation there,
Fiercely fell the savage yelling,
On the sighing autumn air.

How receiving, swift reprieving
In the sacramental rite;
Heaven's meed for—fiendish deed, sir—
With the martyrs still in sight.

Winds are sighing with the dying,
Poppies that in solace wave,
To the clover spreading cover
O'er the Christian martyrs' grave.

Morning sunshine fondly kiss them,
Luna's softest rays are shed,
While the weeping stars of midnight
Scatter tears o'er martyr'd dead.

Wailatpu's mournful waters,
Constant tell their tale of woe,

To the morning and the evening—
Unto all that come and go.

In that sad and mournful valley,
In that valley of the plain;
In the land of Walla Walla,
Where those pioneers were slain.

Tell His Story Bright with Duty.

Tell the story bright with duty—
Loyal sire to loyal scion,
How, upon the field of carnage,
Fell the brave Nathaniel Lyon;
How he cheered his gallant comrades
As he led Columbia's band,
When they shouted for a leader
That would come and take command;
How he fell enshrined in honor
As his loyal heart and hand—
Wrote his name with dazzling valor
In the hist'ry of our land;

How the nation wept in sorrow
When the mournful tidings spread—
That our heroes were defeated
That the noble Lyon 's dead.

Tell his story, bright with duty—
Loyal sire to loyal scion,
How in honor and with valor
Fell the brave Nathaniel Lyon.

Sparkling Eyes.

Sparkling eyes and loving hearts,
Scorn and spurn coquettish arts;
They only know one ultima thule,
And that 's the glorious golden rule.

Cynics, chatter, if you will,
You may wound, you do not kill.
Fling your idle, selfish taunts—
What man seeks and what man wants

Are sparkling eyes and loving hearts,
That scorn and spurn coquettish arts;
That only know one ultima thule,
And that 's the glorious golden rule.

Sinking of the Cumberland.

Shot and shell were thickly hailing
On the monster unavailing,
For her heavy iron armor
Cast them lightly to the bay.
On she sped, and fiercely nearing
To her object, nothing fearing,
Knowing broadside could not harm her,
Eager for her helpless prey.

How the treason demon gloated!
While her victim waiting floated
There on Hampton's flowing tide
With our banner floating aft;
As in fiendish fury rushing,
With her beak and guns all crushing
Through the heavy wooden foreside
Of that gallant sailing craft.

Every officer and member
Of that crew, and every timber
In that good ship, all reel'd beneath
That tremendous, fatal blow,
When the demon's prow came crashing
Through her starboard, and the splashing,

Servile water so foul, bequeath
Death and fame to gallant foe.

Every instant death came frowning—
Death by cannon, death by drowning,
Still with spirits true to duty,
They like heroes at their place,
Treason's storm were firmly braving,
Feeling that they were but saving
By their actions, resolutely,
Loyal honor from disgrace.

With our banner proudly flying
O'er the brave so nobly dying,
O'er heroic dead fast going
To their rest beneath the waves—
But their guns in thunder swelling,
To Columbia's sons were telling
Loud their parting cheers, and throwing
Scorn at traitors from their graves.

In the sunset brightly gleaming,
There our banner still was streaming
O'er its brave defenders, sleeping
In the depths of Hampton's bay.

Floated there in view of heaven,
Floated there oblation given
Freemen for their sacred keeping,
While sweet Liberty holds sway.

Given by that crew and vessel,
In their brave and fateful wrestle—
In that contest bright with glory,
For that gallant little band.
Grateful are their memories cherished
Of those men that nobly perished—
Sung in song and told in story.
They who sank with Cumberland.





Lady so Fair.

Lady so fair, with auburn hair,
And eyes so sparkling bright,
How quick you see that such as me,
Do fall in love at sight.

Oh, for a whirl, fair lovely girl,
In the mazy dance with you!
Our hearts should beat the time, our feet
Would keep the changes through.

The happy thought, if but my lot,
To dwell through life with thee;
But then I fear, my sweetest dear,
That such can never be.



Our Jolly Sailors.

A song for our jolly sailors,
Our hardy, manly tars,
That roam o'er the foaming billows,
Beneath the stripes and stars.

Who, with all their faults and habits,
Have a nature true and kind,
And while cruising o'er the ocean,
Love the friends they left behind.

Then hurrah for all our sailors !
No matter where they are,
That 's ever ready for duty,
And are always brave in war.

Never will their pride forsake them,
Never will their courage fail,
Till the calm of death o'ertake them,
And they cease the seas to sail.

Long life to our hardy sailors,
Heroes of our peace and wars,
That are sailing 'neath our banner—
'Neath the glorious stripes and stars.



Hope.

Through roseate dawn
Of hope comes on
The bright golden dreams of bliss,
Us mortals to bless
With its happiness,
In a world of care like this.

Dear Hope, without thee
No person could see
One moment of fond content;
All lives are made bright
By the transcendent light
Of joys thy presence has lent.

A treasure so precious,
Resplendent and gracious,
Is pleasures that with thee do come—
Sad beings to cheer,
Dispelling their drear
Dismal forebodings of gloom.

Sweet Hope, never fail
With bliss to regale,
As we feel the chastening rod;
Your mission ne'er cease
Until resting in peace,
We rejoice in the presence of God.

'T is Not Folly.

'T is not folly to be jolly
As we 're toiling on through life,
As we rustle 'mid its bustle—
'Mid the cares with which 't is rife.

Odd 's the matter if we chatter
As we cheerful toil along;
Woods are ringing with the singing
Of the wild bird's summer song.

Oft, indeed, there must be need
Of sorrow for our fellow man;
But 't is not folly to be jolly
In this life when e'er we can.

To Tillamook Light House.

Like a sentry grim and brave,
Firm and true at duty's post,
Beating back assaulting wave,
Tillamook now guards our coast.

Weary sailors shall not look
Vainly through the clouds of night,
For thy gleaming Tillamook—
For thy welcome rays of light.

Winds have rav'd, storm'd around thee,
Wave assailed in fury's shock,
Their assaults have only found thee
Firm established on a rock.

Flash thy signals o'er the deep,
Bright and cheerful far away,
Wandering seamen help to keep
Heart and course to friendly bay.

A sailor I— on tide of time
Passion's storms my spirit toss,
Near the danger line of crime,
But my light is from the cross.



Let One Word in Kindness Spoken.

Let one word in kindness spoken,
For all faults make full atone ;
Give, oh give, the blissful token—
You'll feel nobler when its done.

Life has many strifes and trials—
Pleasures few that cheer the heart—
Keen regrets and self denials,
Form of it the greater part.

As the sunshine after shower,
Makes all nature to rejoice,
Let me feel the happy power
Of thy gentle, winsome voice.



While a Smile.

While a smile and a welcome is waiting for me,
I will come with gladness, my loved one, to thee ;
For the world has no pleasure to me half so dear,
As the joy of contentment when ever you 're near.

The world in delights a few pleasures may give,
A moment to woo, and for a moment to live ;
But the heart still unsated, turns sighing away,
From the fostering of hopes that quickly decay.

To the blessings of love that forever inparts
Its prestige so sweet o'er affectionate hearts
Till life and its duties are wreathed in its charms,
And the bliss of the present, dread future disarms.

Then, while a smile and a welcome is waiting for me,
I will come with gladness my loved one, to thee,
For the world has no pleasures to me half so dear
As the joy of contentment whenever you 're near.





With the Sunbeams of the Morning.

With the sunbeams of the morning,
Comes a vision bright and clear,
Of a pure and lovely maiden,
Whom my thoughts hold very dear.

Dear to me her every action,
Deep imbedded in my heart
Lies her image's sweet refraction,
Of life's true and noble part.

With the twilight of the evening,
That bright vision haunts me still;
For this pure and lovely maiden
All my life with pleasures fill.





Sheridan.

Far away from the distant shore
Of Columbia's restless wave,
To find 'mid the cannon's loud war,
The soldier's glory or grave.

Into the storm of the conflict,
Into the heat of the fight,
Still forward and upward, always
To the victor's brilliant height.

Out of obscurity's shadow,
Into the sunlight of fame,
Filling the world with an echo
That 's answering back his name.

Hurrah, for this dauntless hero,
Hurrah, for this valiant man,
The traitor's stern intrepid foe,
Hurrah, for Phil. Sheridan.





The Sun is Set.

The sun is set and the evening sky
Is bedecked with a rich, gorgeous cloud,
Of every color discerned by the eye
In the rainbow's beautiful shroud.

Oh, tell me not of Italy's clime,
Where all the artists delight to go
To roam 'mid ruins of ancient times,
And to dream in the sunset's soft glow.

But tell of the west, the wild far west,
Where the toiling millions may come,
Where the sun, as he sinks in glory to rest,
Will cast his last smiles on our home.





Lovely Minnie.

Lovely Minnie, few, if any,
That like thee completely charm;
Such artful smiles and maiden wiles,
Fascinate but never harm.

It is such delight unto my sight
To watch you with your beaming;
Oh, yes, indeed, some hearts may bleed—
You neither care or knowing.

Thy life's first joys of dress and boys,
Be your pleasures while they may;
Then next a man—yes, that 's the plan,
Notwithstanding what you say.



Our Lives are not all Sunshine.

Our lives are not all sunshine,
Dark clouds will oft appear,
Whose shades of doubts and sorrows
Unite with pleasures here.

But life has grand ambition—
Some noble schemes sublime—
By which we may emblazon
Names on the scroll of time.

Life is evil, life is good,
Life 's just what e'er you make it ;—
If a blessing or a curse,
Depends on how you take it.

Life 's a ceaseless conflict
Where triumph and defeat
Blend joy with disappointment—
Mix the bitter with the sweet.

They are the nobler heroes
Who their duty noblest bear,
If caring for the fallen,
Or the action bravely share.

Their names may not be echoed
By heralds of renown;
But efforts will gain plaudits
By virtue they have shown.

Shall we be living heroes
And battle for the right—
The standards, truth and honor,
Uphold in every fight ?

Or shall we idly clamor
While others vict'ries win—
By negligence encourage
The thoughtless host of sin ?

We must not shrink from duty
But rouse the inert will—
The world must be the better
For the mission we fulfill.





Jennie is Loving me.

The wind is lightly blowing
Soft over the summer lea,
And glad is my heart with knowing
That Jennie is loving me.

The birds are gaily singing
In the blooming apple tree,
My soul with their joy is ringing
That Jennie is loving me.

The clouds are floating brighter
Up in the heaven I see,
While cares of life are lighter
Since Jennie is loving me.





Lincoln.

Fold the martyr's garb around him,
Lay him on that woeful bier ;
Though for years the nation's sorrow'd,
It has yet for him a tear.

Take that hand that warmly grasped us,
Lay it on his peaceful breast,
O'er the heart that beat so kindly—
Silent now in ceaseless rest.

Close those eyes that were so soulful—
Stilled forever is his voice,
That was wont with kindly greeting
Make all 'round him to rejoice.

How our spirits thrilled with rapture
When those noble words did fall :
“ Without malice unto any,
ut with charity to all.”

What a smile of grateful gladness
Lighted up their happy face,

As he lifted into manhood,
Sons of Afric's sable race.

How the peoples' hearts beat echo
To that declaration brave,
"My oath is placed in heaven
That our country I will save."

From his humble walks in childhood,
He brought an honored name,
That goes with our Nation's triumph
From the White House into fame.

Bring that flag that floats so proudly
Over Sumter's battered wall,
Drape it with the crape of mourning,
Let it be his burial pall.

Make his pageantry majestic,
He was a man of peace—not war—
And in this last journey homeward
Make his hearse triumphal car.

Make his journey sweet with flowers
Let their beauty and perfume—
Be in aromatic incense,
Nature's welcome to the tomb.

Rich and poor will sadly follow
As you bear him to his rest ;
In the sacrifice for freedom
Lincoln was the last and best.

Kind Friendship's Words.

Kind friendship's words and smiles so bright
Like sunbeams on a river,
Reflected are in fond delight
From object to the giver.

The human heart like water pure,
Reflects what's thrown upon it—
In faithfulness it will endure—
Be true to those that won it.

The past is sweet, its memories dear
Are golden chords that bind us,
For naught so please us mortals here
As smiles and words of kindness.





In Memory Sweet.

In memory sweet, forever near,
The form and voice to me so dear;
For death alone can ere erase
Remembrance of thy lovely face.

Thy friendly gen'rous grasp imparts
Its genial warmth to trusting hearts ;
While every kindly word that 's given,
As echoes, seem direct from heaven.

Then, whensoever again we meet,
Still be our thoughts and words as sweet
As subtle essence nature throws
In fragrance from the blooming rose.





Every Day Will Bring Some Duty.

Every day will bring some duty
Worthy of your best attention ;
Every day will bring some pleasure
That will soothe away contention.

Do thy labor so that others
May thy bounteous goodness share ;
Let the work you leave behind you,
To others show that you 've been there.

Others labored here before you,
And others will when you are gone ;
Others labor now beside you—
Will you be the idle one ?

Do not put off till the morrow
That which you should do to-day,
Trifles gathered from the mountain—
What will you gain by such delay ?

Home, Sweet Home.

“Home, sweet home,” the passionate poet sang,
Till the world with his tender chorus rang
 To the time of happy hearts;
For the dearest spot of all this earth
Is the sacred place—the family hearth—
 Its sweet charm never departs.

Search the world o’er, and find you will not,
A spot so loved, be it a palace or cot,
 As your own habitation;
It warms the heart and chastens the mind,
And its memories pure are the ties that bind
 Our destiny as a nation.

Then sing me a song—that precious song—
To my heart its echoes, so soft and long,
 A charming melody come;
Where ever I roam my heart is light,
My spirit gay, my eyes grow bright
 With thoughts and songs of home.





Our Truant Eyes.

Our truant eyes will oft surprise
Ourselves as well as others ;
No social art can cheat the heart—
Affection never smothers.

Your eyes that night were my delight,
I saw them smile while passing ;
Although I heard not any word,
My mind was quick at guessing.

No doubt mine, too, were unto you,
Some silent thoughts enfolding ;
For well I know that they will show
When they are you beholding.



Still Fair, Though Faded is the Face.

Still fair, though faded is the face,
That once was so very lovely;
And I can still delighted trace
A charm that 's oft allured me.

Though time has you of youth bereft
Of all its gay and playful art;
I find that he with you has left,
Your gentle and your loving heart.

'T is such a pleasant thought for me,
While other joys so swift depart,
To find upon our meeting, we
Have each retained our youthful heart.





Oh, Touch the Lyre of Memory.

Oh, touch the lyre of memory,
Smoothly let its music flow,
In sweetly measured melody,
O'er the days of long ago.

'T will wake the slumbering echoes
That lie silent in the past,
Like soft bugle calls of pleasure,
Pealing forth a welcome blast.

All the past is full of music,
With its soothing charming strain—
My heart in trilling symphonies
Would live it over again.





Go Labor in My Vineyard.

“Go labor in my vineyard,
And at the close of day,
Whatever then is due thee,
I to you will cheerful pay.”

A parable thus spake He,
In Judea's favored clime,
That bears with it a lesson
To be learned throughout all time.

The world 's a moral vineyard,
Where all willing ones can find
Some labor for them waiting,
That will benefit mankind.

There 's work for willing spirits,
There 's work for active hand;
And those that wish to labor
Need no longer idle stand.

Go delve, unworthy passion,
In all Nature's buried deep;
Evil thoughts and deeds from sprouting,
By your careful culture keep.

There 's tender vines just starting,
And they need a trainer's aid
To grasp supporting honors,
Ere neglect their course degrades.

Some withered leaves and branches,
Must be clipt and borne away;
Like vanished hopes and pleasures,
They were born to soon decay.

To some steady, strong support,
Safe and most securely bind
Back again each fruitful vine
That strays bending in the wind.

Faithful thou thy labor do—
Have no fears of thy reward—
Humbly having done thy duty,
Leave the vintage to the Lord.





My Mother's Grave.

My mother's grave—most sacred spot
Of all this earth to me—
Where'er I am, whate'er my lot,
'T will still remembered be.

That humble tomb upon the hill,
Which slopes toward the west,
With sacred memories ever fill
My weary troubled breast.

No heart like hers has ever beat
In sympathy with mine;
No words like hers has ever greet
With thoughts that so refine.

And though from it afar I roam,
My wanderings only prove
That buried in a silent tomb
Lies all I've known of love.

Steaming Up the Bright Willamette.

Steaming up the bright Willamette,
In the happy month of May,
When the verdant hills and mountains
Form a picture bright and gay.

With a vista fair before us,
As we swiftly onward go,
While a stream of foam and bubbles
Far behind us glinting flow.

Brightly tinted as the fancy
Of a summer evening's dream,
Lightly float those airy bubbles,
On the bosom of the stream.

Like our richly painted fancies,
Or the pleasures we have won,
They are brilliant for a moment,
Then forever after gone.

Still 't is pleasant to be dreaming—
It is pleasant as we glide
Swiftly on the passing moments,
To leave bubbles on the tide.



The Fisherman's Song.

Away, away, o'er the heaving bay,
Where the billows loudly roar,
We drift at night by calm starlight,
Far out from the sleepy shore.

We love the swell of the waves that tell,
With the chorus of the wind,
Where the roving fish—the spoils we wish—
In the largest schools we find.

We cast regrets off with our nets,
And we joke our time away,
Till the morning light dispels the night,
And we hail the coming day.



Sunset on the Mountains.

When the royal king of morning,
Westward going on his journey,
Calling all the passing moments
To attend and follow after,
Floats in most resplendent manner,
O'er the west his regal banner,
Bright with crimson, gold and purple,
Till its colors, rich reflected,
Back are from thy snowy whiteness
And the drifting clouds above thee,
Till a halo, so effulgent,
In such splendor shone before me,
That I looked, admired, and wondered,
At its colors change and blending,
Wreathing, twisting, falling, swaying,
In their soft and mellow richness;
Then, anon, in vivid brightness,
Till thy snow appeared as blazing,
Like an incense-burning altar,
With its sacred flames ascending
As the evening's holy offering
To the over-ruling spirit
For the goodness of His giving;

And in majesty displaying
Such a gorgeous matchless picture,
Showing the unspoken glory
Of the ever-living God.

As I gazed, beheld enraptured—
For my vision seemed as drinking
In that feeling so ethereal,
Which intoxicates all beings
With its strange and lovely presence,
Charming with its fascination
All the faculties of action
Into quiet, mild submission—
Then I thought I heard a whisper,
And methinks I still can hear it,
Low and softly, gently saying:
“That if day to day proclaimeth,
Night to night fresh knowledge showeth,
Surely sunset on the mountain
Is by far the sweetest poem
That is found through out all nature.”



Mount St. Helens.

Oh, the beauty and the grandeur
Of the mountain in its brightness,
Of St. Helens there before us,
Clad in robe of snowy whiteness !

Vainly will the eye endeavor,
On her features now to trace
Marks of awful fiery passion,
That once lit her glowing face.

There she reigns in queenly beauty—
Princess of the land and sky—
Neptune sends his jeweled tribute,
As his carrier clouds go by.

Flashing streams with joyous boundings,
In their journey to the sea,
Spread her blessings all around them,
Through the woodland, o'er the lea.

Froncent forest 'round her waving,
Proud their banners in the air,
Flout and scorn our social bondage,
Wedded to our lives of care.

Sylvan echoes gladly answer
Song and shout with happy voices,
Till the mountain and the valley
With their chorus sweet rejoices.

Stars enamored gaze upon her,
Winds about her tune their songs;
All that woos the thoughts of fancy,
There in glad profusion throngs.

Morn's enchantments hasten to her,
When aurora tints the skies;
Evening's charms all gather 'round her,
When the day in glory dies.

Mortals cast enraptured vision,
Bearing admiration's due,
And receive returning pleasure,
As her loveliness they view.

Matchless there in queenly beauty,
Captivating all our eyes,
Stands the loveliest of our mountains,
Princess of the land and skies.





Doomed to a Den of the Damned.

Her honor gone
From trusting breast,
Forever flown
Is pride's sweet rest
With all its blessings.
What can she have
That's worth possessing—
Hope and the grave?
Closed every door
Of friends once dear,
To never more
Open for her!
Out in the street,
Shunned and shamed,
Death to meet
In a den of the damned.

On, on she goes!
With famished glance

Of love, to foes
 In mazy dance,
Hoping to win,
 As moments flee,
In courts of sin,
 A dream of Lethe.
No hands uphold
 Those who have fell,
As their feet take hold
 On the steps of hell.
By misery's cup
 Continually drammed,
Till hope yields up
 In the den of the damned.

When hope is gone
 There's no retreat—
Her course is down
 Till her erring feet
Enters the room
 Where bacchanal song
Her certain doom
 But urges along;
For lecherous men,
 To pity unknown,

In libidinous den
 A victim 's won;
Each coming morrow
 Of guilt and crime
Brings but sorrow,
 Till merciful time,
That silent waits,
 Amid fœtid breath,
Gives worst of fates—
 A friendless death—
There in a den of the damned.





Song of the Hindoo Girl.

Oh, safely float,
My little boat,
O'er broad Ganges' rolling tide,
As omen I
Shall never die,
Till I am an honored bride.

Oh, do not strand
On banks or sand,
Sail safely o'er the waters;
Bear up the weight
Of thy precious freight,
So dear to India's daughter.

Soft, gentle breeze
That woos the trees,
With amorous breath so warm,
Now kindly waft
My little craft
On its journey free of harm.

A maiden's tears
Of hopes and fears,
Are all the tribute I have;
Then burn, dear light,
Till out of my sight
You float on the sacred wave.

Our Lives are Not all Lottery.

Our lives are not all lottery—
There 's a systematic plan
Of all actions, good or evil,
For each woman, child or man.

Some may boast of their good fortunes
Some complain of their ill luck;
But for any that will use it,
There 's a world of wealth in pluck.

Do you fear to slip and fall, sir?
If you would start upon the race?
Better far to strive and fail, sir,
Than idly loiter in disgrace.

Are you lonesome, weary-hearted,
And longing for some word to bind,

With its silken chord of sympathy,
Your heavy burthen to mankind?

Make yourself some little effort,
And give a word or smile of cheer
To some other drooping spirit,
Until it feels your presence dear.

Gentle words and deeds of kindness,
By the enjoyment they will give,
Are the magic ties that bind us
Unto each other while we live.

'T is the pleasant recollections
Of gentle actions we have done,
That embalms our name with sweetness—
In bright memories when we 're gone.

Are you rich and growing richer?—
Or does ambition's fires still burn?
Remember, others helped you—
Now help you others in return?

Always show a willing spirit—
Throw despond upon the shelf—
Others are more apt to help you
When they see you help yourself.

And do not forget this motto:
Whatsoever in life you do,
Promptly do ye unto others
As you would they should do to you.

Unknown Heroes.

The noblest heroes oft are those
Of whom the world but little knows;
No human hand, no mortal tongue,
Their deeds have wrote, their valor sung.

With heartfelt confidence and trust
In God, convinced their cause was just.
They gave, in heat of battle strife,
For home and country, all—their life.
The charge they made, the battle won,
Recalling victory which had flown;
And when the shouts of triumph rose
Above the battle's din, by foes
Surrounded, wounded and alone,
They fell to bleed and die unknown.

As the sun to his rest at eve is retiring,
All the western sky with new beauty is firing,

In colors so gorgeous, resplendently bright,
Ere wrapt in the somber curtains of night,
Tinging the clouds with crimson and gold,
In a grandeur that's seen but never is told;
Till mortals, completely enraptured, admire
The death of the day and his funeral pyre:
So with the warriors, who entering in
To the conflict, determined to die or to win,
Though steel clashing steel, and cannon's hot breath
Encircle their path, still fearless of death,
With courage undaunted, by duty on sped
Where fame may be wooed and honor is wed.
Though stricken by foes, their daring sublime
Re-echoed shall be through the annals of time;
Such actions will live, though dead is each giver,
With teachings to bless their country forever.
Their memories are within the Nation's heart
So deep engraved, they will never depart—
More lasting there than if placed upon
The sculptured stone or polished bronze,
As told by a thankful Nation o'er,
From lake to gulf, and from shore to shore;
For the world has no equal for the heroes that give
Their lives that others may be happy and live.

Though so noble their lives that the sound of their
breath

A multitude moved, more noble their death,
And a halo of glory forever is thrown
'Round the death and the grave of the gallant un-
known.

The path of our Nation's glory has led
O'er the mouldering forms of the patriot dead;
From east to west, through south, through north,
Wherever the legions of freedom went forth,
Like leaves of the forest by autumn winds strown,
By war, are the graves of the gallant unknown.
Some grassy mounds, some little boards at best,
Are all that tell us where our heroes rest
'Mid the lilies, the violets, and roses that bloom
With fragrance which hallows the patriot's tomb—
While the winds of heaven a requiem moan
O'er the silent graves of the brave unknown.





Custer.

A sigh for the gallant Custer,
That brave soldier of the plain,
Who rode with his gallant muster,
As he never will ride again.

Flushed with a victor's courage,
Glad when snuffing the battle's breath,
So fearless and dauntless he rides
In that terrible raid to death.

Bright flashing his shining saber,
Aloft in the midsummer's sun,
While spurring his courser forward,
As he was leading his comrades on.

Then wild in the charge he revels,
Fiercely shouting the battle yell,
As shooting the dusky devils—
Slaying the painted imps of hell.

Scorning all safety by flight,
With his trustworthy guide—"For I
Have led the men into this fight—
They have shown me the way to die."

Alone on the field of slaughter,
His only guard, weapon, and shield,
A heart with a lion's courage,
And a saber he loved to wield.

Boldly he faces their charges,
On that bloody and fated field,
Where foes were numbered thousands,
Until death his destiny sealed.

Then even his savage foemen,
As he lay in his blood and gore,
Showed him a tribute that few men
By them had been shown before.

There's many dazzling story
Of fights on the western plains,
But the charge, the death and glory
Of Custer, the brightest remains.





Pluck.

'Tis pluck that trains the lightning,
That harnesses down the wind,
Controls fierce fire and water,
And their reckless powers bind.

Pluck crossed the unknown ocean,
Leaving friends and fear behind;
Surveyed the heights of heaven,
Unknown starry worlds to find.

Pluck delves the highest mountains,
Bringing hidden treasures forth;
Built crucibles and retorts,
Gave to chemistry its birth.

Pluck stores our homes with plenty,
Pluck is master of some plan;
Pluck is hero of all conflicts,
Pluck's a noble friend of man.

Staunch Progress is his scion,
Bright good Culture is his heir;
Art, Music, are his daughters,
Born of joyful, fearless Care.

Pluck unfurled our banner,
Over land and over sea;
Defended from oppression,
Happy homes for you and me.

Others go, then, if you will,
Court winsome smiles from Luck;
I'll remain contented here,
To work and wait with Pluck.





Driving of the Golden Spike.

We hail to thee, East!
We hail to thee, West!
And shouts of joy we raise;
For the iron band
Now girds our broad land.
The task at last is done
As dreamed in other days—
Till the engine's blast
Is heard at last,
From Maine to Oregon.

'Tis triumph of skill,
Zeal, honor and will,
That we exult over now;
The sinewy arms
Of shops and farms,
In conquest gather here,
Where faces are all aglow,
As they see the steam
And hear the scream,
As the rushing train draws near.

'Tis time of delight,
All our hearts are light;
For the rumbling sound we hear,
Bring not the dread cars
Of juggernaut mars,
With its gory crimsoned pall—
'Tis wealth, fleet charioteer,
In his swift approach,
With Mercury's coach,
And joyous blessings for all.

Our thanks are to those
Whose labor now close
The scene of our isolation;
And to those whose coin
Has helped to enjoin
(Titans of commerce are they)
Northwest to the rest of the Nation,
The honor is theirs—
But we are all of us heirs
Of triumph they bring us to-day.

To you, brave pioneers,
That stood many years,
Vanguard of our growing young Nation,

It brings unto you
Reward that is due—
The tribute of civilization.
Light your bonfires! let their blaze
Tint the drifting clouds and raise
Their incense glad to-night—
Strangers here are now your guests,
By their presence they attest
Their joy at your delight.

And laugh, Columbia's waters, laugh!
Glad show to the world your glee;
Deep from the fount of the future quaff
The sweet blessings of bright prosperity.
No longer brood
O'er the solitude
Of thy fettered energy,
For this is the hour
That breaks the power
So long imprisoning thee.

And sing, ye eastern spindles, sing!
Proudly sing to the marts of trade,
Of the joy that comes to the many homes
Thy humming has happy made.

Make actions dust
Chafe off thy rust—
Make the air with thy buzzing ring;
For the world still moves,
And this day but proves,
That honored Labor is king.

Thou golden grains
Of the central plains,
Behold a hope's fruition—
Completed this day
Is a grand railway,
As pathway of thy mission.

Queenliest of the daughters,
Of the fathers of waters,
As you sweep in your stately flow,
Gladly diffuse
The glorious news
To the restless tides of Mexico.

While ye, soft south wind,
That delight to find
And kiss the Arctic snow,
Bear on your wing,
As a message of spring,
The tidings wherever you go.

Blow long, ye whistle, and ring loud, ye bell!
But your proudest effort will fail to tell
Half of the pride that thrills the glad breast
Of the fair young queen of the great Northwest,
As she sits enthroned by the river side,
Admired by all and a happy bride.
'T is her wedding day, and blooming with health,
She joins her hand with the prince of wealth;
 But blow, ye whistles, and ring, ye bells!
Your merriest, loudest, and longest strain,
 Till mountain and valley, the hills and the dells,
Send answers of welcome in sweetest refrain.

 Thou lightning'd wires
 That never tires
Of repeating a welcome sound,
 Tell every strike
 On that golden spike,
To the list'ning world around;
 No more of the fears
 Of former years—
Success with the moments increase—
 For every blow
 Of that sledge we know
Will tighten our bonds of peace.

Our temple of Janus is closed,
And what a thrill of joy we feel
At beholding the shield transposed,
To serve as an errand wheel;
For Time in his course has bidden
Its mission of blood to cease—
Its gleaming henceforth to gladden
As a carrier dove of peace.

East greets the West,
West greets the East,
Like mother and child reunited
Here once again
'Mid mountain chain,
Is the filial vows replighted.

Then hail to thee, East!
And hail to thee, West!
As the shout of joy we raise,
For the iron band
Now girds our land
(And nobly the act is done!)
As dreamed in other days,
Till the engine's blast
Is heard at last
From Maine to far Oregon.



Do n't Forget Me.

Do n't forget me, will you darling?
Do n't forget me when I'm gone;
Keep one thought—a gentle blessing—
Do n't forget me when I'm gone.

Life to me has been all gladness,
Since I met thee, dearest one;
Fond our meeting, sad our parting—
Do n't forget me when I'm gone.

Do n't forget me, will you darling?
Though another one should come;
None like me can love thee, darling—
Do n't forget me when I'm gone.



I've Often Stood.

I've often stood,
In a dreamy mood,
On thy banks, O lovely river,
And I've often thought
Of the lessons you taught,
And as oft have I thanked the giver.

Bright over my head,
Gold, purple and red,
Spreads out the evening sky;
In thee reflected
I have detected
Shadows that say as they go by:

“Ever going,
Ever flowing
Onward to the deep blue sunset sea,
We are giving
To the living,
Lessons that they fail to see.

“Never getting
Spiteful, fretting
At whate'er would stop our flow;

Sweeter, louder,
Nobler, prouder,
Still we sing as on we go.

“Onward purling,
Beauty hurling
To the flowers that we find;
Merry singing,
As they 're swinging
In the summer morning wind.

“Glad do we greet
Each breeze we meet—
In its sports we always rejoice—
For well we know
Its gentlest blow
To our silent songs give voice.

“The stars of night,
The full moon bright,
All list to the songs we sing;
Till the pearly dawn
Of the morning sun
To us a new beauty bring.

“Forward facing,
Fleetly racing,
To the future, swift and fast,

Never borrowing
Trouble, sorrowing,
For the trials that are past.

“ Oh, so lightly,
Blithe and sprightly,
In our course we hasten on,
While your dreaming,
We are streaming
To the sea of the setting sun.

“ Always feeling,
As we 're reeling
In our mazy march for home;
He that gave us
Source will save us
From all trials yet to come.

“ Lovely river,
Teach me ever
For the future to have no dread;
He that gave me
Life will save me,
When the unknown bourne I tread.”



Day By Day.

Day by day I'm growing weaker,
But my strength shall ever be
In the promise of the speaker:
"Come, ye weary, unto me."

Day by day my faith grows stronger
In assurance that He gave:
Those that trust me need no longer
Fear or dread death and the grave.

Day by day still growing dearer,
Unto me is Jesus' love;
Day by day I'm growing nearer
To a blessed home above.



Pulaski.

Breathe his name with loving honor—
He for freedom nobly fell,
In a strange and foreign country,
'Mid a storm of shot and shell.

Robbed by war of home and kindred,
By the cruel tyrant's hand;
Exiled and compelled to wander,
Sorrowing, to a distant land.

With his generous heart enkindled
By the noblest theme of life;
Led by ardent love of freedom,
To this bleeding land of strife.

Came to join our brave forefathers—
Came to find a soldier's grave
In that flood that sings of freedom—
'Neath Atlantic's restless wave.

Breathe his name with loving honor,
He for us did nobly die;
And the name of Count Pulaski,
Brings the tribute of a sigh.

Will I Love You When You Are Old?

Will I love you when you are old?

Is that the question you would ask?

When the world grows harsh and cold,

When life 's a burthen and a task?

When the winters of three-score years

Have frosted your raven hair?

Dying hopes, awakening fears,

Fill your anxious heart with care?

I loved, when blushing with youth,

A maiden so young and so fair;

You chose the straight pathway of truth,

That leads from a world of care.

I love you in womanhood's glory,

From folly and vanities freed;

For your faith in the "old, old story,"

For the Christian life that you lead.

And more precious by far to me

Than all gems or glittering gold,

Will the gracious honor then be

Of loving you when you are old.



Plant a Rose Beside Your Window.

Plant a rose beside your window,
Let its presence ever be,
As a living sweet memento,
Of the thoughts I bear of thee.

When the fragrance of its blooming
Fill your being with delight,
Loving thoughts your time consuming,
Filling life with pleasures bright.

Let your sweetest thought of bliss
Be what every life will prove—
In such a world of care as this,
Nought ennobles more than love.



Fair and Lovely.

Fair and lovely, gentle maiden,
Mildly beams thy soft blue eye,
Some brave heart your love will gladden,
In the coming by and by.

May life's cares on thee fall lightly,
May good angels calm thy fears;
May thy hopes that glow so brightly,
Be fulfilled in future years.

Happy thoughts thy mind employing,
Tender dreams thy slumbers fill;
Love's rich treasures e'er enjoying,
Till thy pulsing heart is still.

Earnest eyes gaze all unheeding,
Cupid, while his keenest dart,
From his trusty bow is speeding,
For a trusting, tender heart.

Oh, the pains, so sweet and throbbing,
That the little weapons give,
Of one's self all memory robbing—
All one does is love and live.



Did You Ever Stop?

Did you ever stop
One moment to think
That every drop
Of gin some drink
Is poison?

Did you ever give
A casual glance
At persons who live
By games of chance?—
How soon they fail!

Our lives are too short
To trifle away—
To spend in this sort
Of profitless way,
By you and I.



Ring Out the Old, Ring In the New.

Ring out the old, ring in the new !
A welcome and a last adieu
Give to the meeting years.

A welcome to the new that brings
Those buoyant hopes that ever flings
Away all futile fears.

And to the old—so soon 't is gone—
With whom some pleasures we have known,
A last and fond farewell.

They come, they go, they seem to meet
Like friends, a moment—just to greet—
Then part again forever.

Happy coming, weary going,
Kissing, blessing, feeling, knowing,
They soon must part again.

Then ring out the old, ring in the new !
Kind welcome, and a fond adieu,
Give to the parting years.



Temperance Star.

Hail, star of hope! whose welcome light,
Bursting through the clouds above us
(Hideous shrouds of moral light,
Brooding doubt, "Does God still love us?")

Shine, O beauteous star, forever;
May thy radiance never fail—
May reforming mortals never
Look for thy light without avail.

As the shepherd on the mountains,
Followed where their star would go,
Lead the erring to those fountains
That bright with health and pleasure flow.

Be the herald of a dawning,
To some soul in night of sadness,
Of a happy, glorious morning,
Bringing day of joy and gladness.





When Fervid Fancy.

When fervid fancy paints a picture,
Bringing loveliness to view,
Touching all with glow of beauty,
Darling, she presents me you.

I 'm contented while she 's sketching,
Showing mysteries of her art;
With her fascinating manner,
Winning all my eyes and heart.

Still, with all her skillful efforts,
She 's but imitating nature;
Giving me but lovely shadow
Of by far a lovelier creature.

Fancy is a sweet companion—
Fickle, though, and far less true,
Are her fleeting, airy pleasures,
Than the joys I find with you.



Toussaint & Ouverture.

A name that 's fondly cherished,
'Mong the noblest and the brave,
Of the heroes that have perished,
Rather than to live a slave.

Where in history his superior?
Where is one that was more just?
He, with friends and all his foemen,
Kept inviolate his trust.

Led by sacred plea of friendship,
From his home to foreign land,
Found in waiting felon's prison—
Death by foul deception's hand.

Time and truth have placed their seal on
His betrayal and its shame,
While in justice they are writing
San Domingo's brightest name.

Writing name that will not perish,
Of that negro true and brave,
Who preferred his death and honor,
Rather than to live a slave.



Hibernia.

Isle of the ocean, by nature so blest,
Compassionate hearts are sighing for thee;
Woes of thy children, so sadly opprest,
In sorrow have wakened Humanity's plea.

That pleads for relief at Mercy's kind hand,
From Avarice's curse and Misery's gloom;
For blessing of peace to shine o'er the land—
A patriot's pride—the patriot's tomb.

Warm is the sympathy constantly flowing
From Liberty's shore, Hibernia, to thee;
And brighter the hope-star ever is growing,
That Ireland a nation yet happy will be.





Sergeant Jasper.

Unknown is the spot where the hero is sleeping,
No monument marks the place of his grave;
But the Nation, with pride, forever is keeping
His name and his deeds in its list of the brave.

What need is there, though, of the Nation preparing
A pillar of bronze, of sculpture and arts,
When the people, delighted, forever are bearing
His life and his death impressed on their hearts.

Brave son of the South, bright honors undying,
Have wreathed and entwined their charm to thy
name,
And the flag of our country, wherever 't is flying,
Recalls to the world in its glory thy name.



When Gentle Words.

When gentle words come bubbling up,
In kindness from thy heart;
In flood of limpid, pure delight,
Their joy to all impart.

Till rippling streams of mirth shall flow
Along the course of life,
And bury deep beneath its gloam
The sands of human strife.

With eager spirit will I speed,
And hasten to thy side,
To quaff the bliss that 's ever found
In sweet Contentment's tide.

For as the spring in desert isle,
Its crystal drops display,
To cheer the famished, so shalt thou
Charin all my cares away.

Thy loving heart 's a fount of joy,
That ever round it throws
Refreshing dews of happiness,
That sparkle where it goes.



When Rosy Tipped Finger Aurora.

When rosy-tipped finger Aurora
Flings back the dark curtain of night,
Diffusing her radiance o'er a
World that is bathed in her light;

When the feathery choir of the woodland,
Pour forth their sweet welcoming lay,
In their melody wild and grand,
Saluting the bright queen of the day;

'T is then, when awaked from my slumbers,
I am always delighted to find
That thoughts in unlimited numbers,
Of thee, are ever filling my mind.





We Lift Our Hearts, O God, to Thee.

We lift our hearts, O God, to thee,
In all our prayers, and in each song;
We feel what ever is, is right,
And that thou doest nothing wrong.

We know the world and all therein,
Are but the creatures of thy hand;
We know that all the suns and stars
Are shining there by thy command.

We know while here we happy are,
Enjoying every healthful breath,
But, oh, we do not, can not know
What still awaits us after death.

We fondly hope—we can not tell—
The judgment's thine, and thine alone,
That Christ who shed his blood for all,
For us has made a full atone.



Waifs.

Delightful the dawn of the morning,
When Aurora night's shadows erase;
More delightful to me, however,
Are the smiles of thy beautiful face.

Sweet is the sound of her voice,
As the songs that the seraphs sing,
In her presence my heart will rejoice,
Like the birds at the coming of spring.

"Constant as the polar star,"
In her ceaseless vigils keeping,
For the loved one gone afar,
Faith, keep watch, while love is weeping.

'T is a law by divinity given,
And life's but a mission to prove,
Ere we enter the portals of heaven,
We must learn each other to love.

'T is nobler far for thee to bless
One loving soul with happiness,
Than all the world should hear thy name
Blown from the noisy trump of fame.

Eyes that sparkle when we meet them,
Fill us with their magic light;
Hearts that answer when we greet them,
Thrill our own with fond delight.

The world will smile on creatures of luck,
But it always admires the game
Of the spirit that's blest with the pluck
To earn its way into fame.

A smile of the lips, a glance of the eye,
The thrilling of hearts, a sigh for a sigh,
Are tokens of life that ever will prove
That love is responsive to pleadings of love.

How the serpent-tongue of scandal
Will spew its slime o'er names that won,
In its coils for ghoulish gossip,
To gloat, and gorge itself upon.

In water bright,
Our friendship plight,
And I for one would rather
That death (dread word)
Should break the cord,
Than we such bonds should sever.

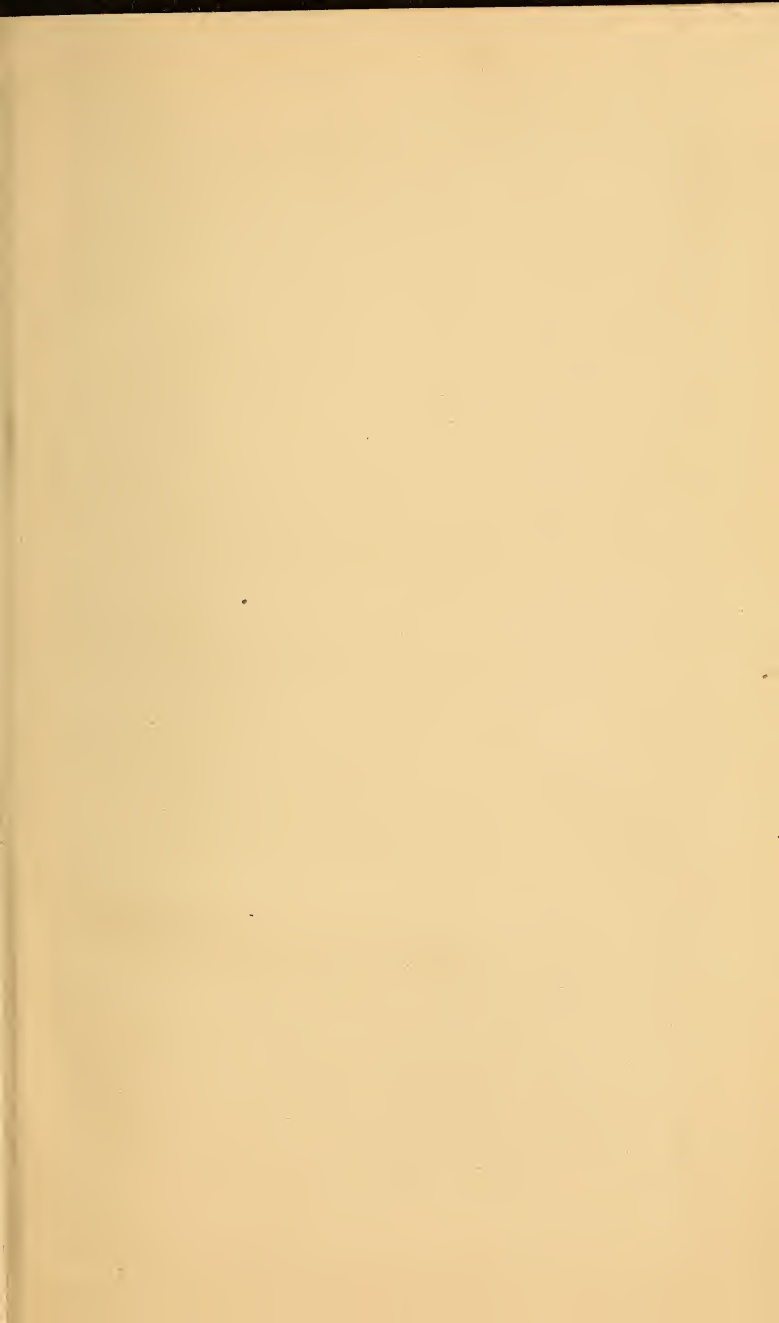
How dear the time—how very sweet—
When spirit—kindred spirit—meet;
When heart and soul leap forth to greet,
 With blessing pure, their love.

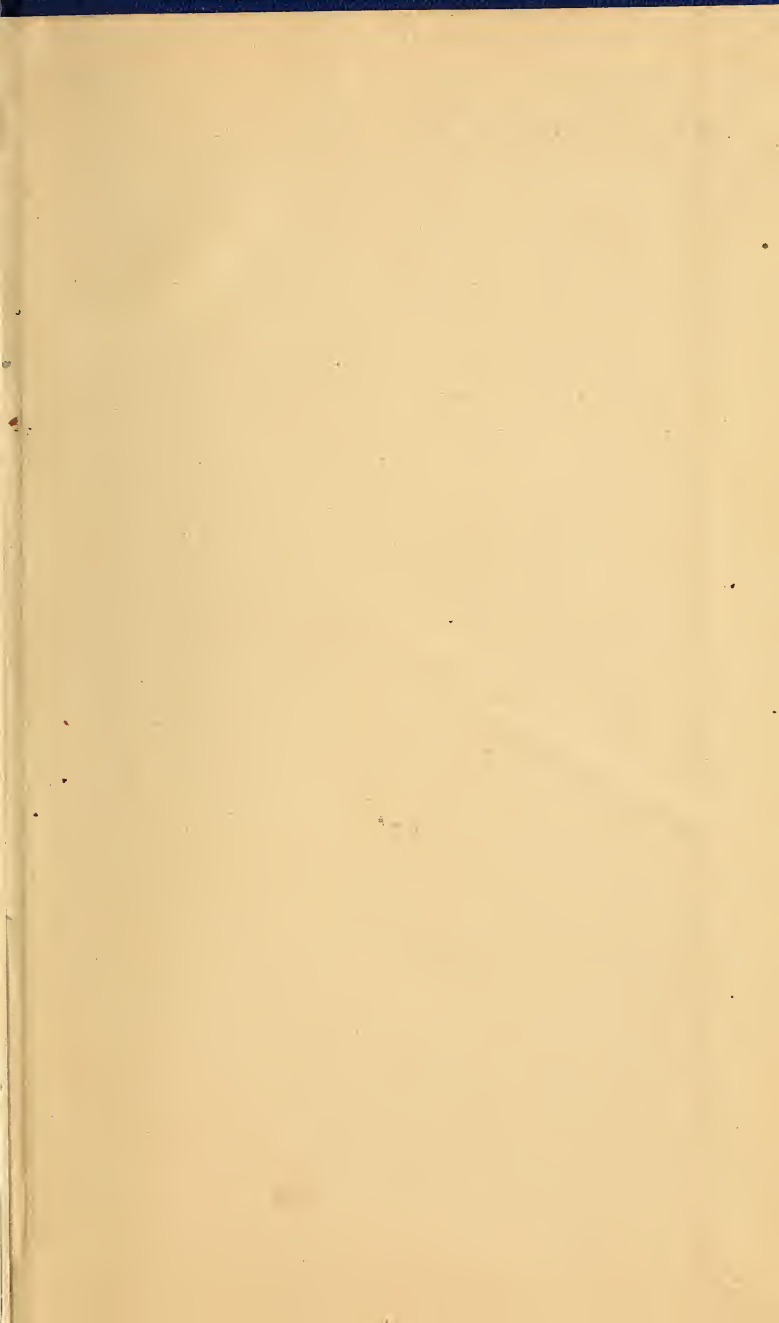
Pity me, when those I've trusted,
Scorn and turn from me disgusted;
Sad is the thought, but worse the fate
When love lies slain by murd'rous hate.

You ask me to write in your album—
I hasten with pleasure to do it;
Do you wondering ask, "Do I love you?"
I thought that you already knew it.

As rays of the sun sufficient,
The bud of the roses to bloom,
The dews of the heaven proficient,
 Instilling the richest perfume,

So the glance of your eyes are sending
 A thrill of delight to my heart;
And the smiles of your face are blending,
 With visions that never depart.





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